



(The cover was manipulated by MDB. All Presidents of Fan Clubs email him)

RYUMA GO! Shows back up in PORTLAND! KAZUSHI SAKURABA! and VANDERLEI SILVA! Get it on! SANTANICO! Takes it to the air! TOMMY DREAMER! and HORSESHU! On the same card?!?!?! ONITA! Come back ONITA! TED DIBIASE! TED DIBIASE! and more TED DIBIASE! Plus, who are THESE GUYS?!?!?! They don't even write here.....

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Hiya

Well, look at that. We are queer and we're here and everyone still hates us. On the upside, there are more of us to love and hate. Pogo Pete has decided to take a hiatus as his Miss Mongol joke book was running thin and he needed some time to seek meditation with some sherbas or something. We figured that this would be the perfect time to bring Marcel Hille and Tom Karro-Gassner in full-time. Marcel gets to have fun with all the sweet lucha and Tom brings the Ryuma Go in Portland. Plus, Tom and Schneider stir up the hornet's nest by rewatching McMahon vs. Angle. Plus, new staff means that all the Playboyz contribute. Hit the print button because the fucker is HUGE~!

Oh Ray.....

Best of Ted DiBiase Vol 1

(by Rev Ray)

I was feeling all nostalgic and traded with Bix for a couple of volumes of best of Ted DiBiase.

Ted DiBiase vs. Mark Cole

Ted is the WWWF North American Champ. This is from around '81 I'm guessing Mark is a doughy enhancement type guy and we have the announcing dream team of Vince McMahon and Bruno Sammartino.

This wasn't much of a match as Ted pretty much dominates and gets in a drop kick and a big powerslam for the win.

Bulldog Bob Brower vs. Ted DiBiase

Joined in progress, Brower is taking it to DiBiase with brawling and an occasional cheap shot by Lou Albano. At one point Brower gets DiBiase in an eye/face gouge in the corner and gets in the suitably old TV style "heel mugging for the camera by rolling his eyes back in his head and trying to look scary" spot. Ted gets in control by doing arm drags a plenty. This ends when Brower throws Ted to the floor and gets DQ'ed for dropping the wooden ringsteps on him.

Moose Monroe vs. Ted DiBiase

Moose is a pretty big guy, at least as tall as Ted and pretty heavy and bald. Moose's big move appears to be an elbow smash which he does a lot. Ted wins with a drop kick and an elbow drop. Smell the excitement!

Pat Patterson (with the Grand Wizard) vs. Ted DiBiase

Pat attacks Ted as the ref sends them to their corners with punches, kicks and stomps. Ted makes a comeback and Pat cowers away as Ted hits a nice knee drop and sends Pat through the ropes to the floor with a drop kick. Ted works on Pat's arm for a good portion of the match with armbars, twists and knees to the arm. The crowd seems really into the match and Pat bumps and sells well for Ted. A big turning point in the match is when DiBiase goes for a shoulder tackle on Pat who moves out of the way and Ted takes a bump to the floor. Ted gets up and Pat attacks him from in the ring a few times before Ted pulls him out, gives him a few punches and a head to the table for revenge for an earlier shot by Pat. Patterson pushes Ted into the referee and pulls out some knucks, which he uses, to KO Ted to win the title. Of the WWWF matches, this was the most interesting to watch.

Ted DiBiase/Steve Williams vs. Brickhouse Brown/Brad Armstrong

Brown comes out with a boombox. This is from 1985 - I think. Ted starts with Brad with Brad getting the advantage every on with a backdrop and some drop kicks. Jim Ross and I think Bill Watts are on the commentary. Ted gets in a Hot Shot type move on Brad to get in control and Doc tags in. Brad eventually makes the tag to Brown who gets dominated by Ted and Doc for a while before making the tag to Brad. The finish comes when Brad leap frogs a DiBiase back drop attempt and gets taken out by a gimmicked lariat by Doc (who wore an arm brace) and then put in the figure four by DiBiase.

They do an angle where Terry Taylor is challenging for the North American Title with the Nightmare where DiBiase comes in and challenges Taylor to a match for the contendership.

Terry Taylor vs. Ted DiBiase

Taylor dominates with punches, but Ted nails him with an elbow when he goes for a backdrop. Ted moves in for the figure four, but gets kicked into the ropes allowing Taylor to take over again. Taylor works over Ted's arm. Ted takes over again when he backs Taylor into a corner and cheap shots him as the referee tries to get Taylor to break the armbar. This is pretty back and forth. Taylor gets some offense

in when he punches DiBiase right in the face as he jumps off the top rope for a double axe handle. DiBiase catches Taylor in a kneebreaker and gets on the figure four, which gets him a near fall before Taylor reverses it, Taylor works on Ted's knee when the get standing, DiBiase loads up his black glove. They tease the spot as Taylor ducks one punch attempt with a back drop and kicks away on him some more, but Ted reverses an Irish whip and decks Taylor when he comes out of the corner to score the pin. Good match, watching it you realize how much of a same it was that Terry ever got that Rooster gimmick and totally killed any of his heat dead.

Ted DiBiase/Steve Williams vs. Chavo & Hector Guerrero (Mexican Death Match)

The match opens with Ted and Doc attacking at the bell when it goes to break, the Guerreros are back in control. Chavo ends up taking a hangman spot with his head stuck in-between the top and second rope. Hector drop kicks Ted to the floor and he blades. At this point, all 4 guys are down, the referee is counting, but Doc stops the count by pulling on the referee's leg.

DiBiase takes the opportunity to grab the Guerreros bandalero and KO Hector with it. There's a fake finish where the referee counts out Doc and Hector, but there can't be a draw in this type of match, so they restart it. Both Ted and Doc get the bandaleros and use them on the Guerreros including doing a hanging spot with them on Chavo. Doc shoves the referee and there's another fake finish as the timekeeper rings the bell thinking there's a DQ, when it's a no DQ match. The Guerreros make a comeback and get revenge with the bandaleros. Eventually, Doc and Ted take back over with the bandaleros. The referee counts the pin, but when Chavo is trying to get up, Ted decks him behind the ref's back to score the pin. I think this was a bit of a clusterfuck due to the false ends of the match that probably didn't help the fans in the arena with Bill Watts explaining the mistakes made by the timekeeper and referee on the commentary.

Ted DiBiase/Steve Williams vs. Al Perez/Wendell Cooley

This is joined in progress with Doc beating on Cooley. There's a fake finish where Ted scores a too following a piledriver. Cooley avoids a Doc shoulder tackle in the corner and makes the hot tag to Perez who takes over on Both Ted and Doc. This ends with the Time limit draw.

Ted DiBiase vs. Mr. R

Mr. R is controlling early with drop kicks and speed controlling Ted before running into a knee. DiBiase tries to rip off the mask to prove that Mr. R is Tommy Rich, but when Ted does it, he leaves himself open for Mr. R to turn the tide again. DiBiase goes for the glove and misses his punch allowing R to hit a Thesz press for a two. The crowd chants for the ref to check the glove. Ted rips off the mask to reveal... Brad Armstrong as Tommy Rich, wearing the same blue sweatsuit as Mr. R is at ringside. Ted sees Rich and gets rolled up by Armstrong to win the National Heavyweight title.

Stan Hansen/Ted DiBiase vs. The British Bulldog

This is great for the fact that Ted is wearing a vest/chaps outfit like Stan and is sporting the Big 80's headband, like he should be the lead singer for Air Supply or something. Ted starts out with Dynamite and has bit of a stalemate with him before Davey comes in and gets in a drop kick, making Stan tag in. Stan controls on Davey and tags Ted back in. Dynamite makes the tag and the fans pop big for his moves, a snap suplex and a fist drop off the ropes. Stan tags in

and he and Dynamite go at it. Dynamite stuns him with some headbutts before Stan takes him down with a belly to belly. Stan does a spot where he picks up kick and runs him back first into Ted's knee, then gives him a back breaker. The finish comes when Davey Boy misses a diving headbutt. Stan levels him with a lariat and Ted picks him up and hits him with the powerslam off the ropes as Stan keeps Dynamite at bay. Fun little match, but short.

Stan Hansen/Ted DiBiase vs. Dory Funk/Giant Baba

Dory starts out with Ted who works on his arm, which becomes the focus of the team's early attacks. Dory eventually makes the tag to Baba and then the action really picks up! Just kidding. Baba gets in some Baba chops and goes to work on Ted's arm and gets a wakigatame before Stan kicks him. Dory and Baba make a few tags and work on the arm as Stan yells at Joe Higuchi from the apron. Eventually Stan has enough and puts the boots to Baba. Ted goes for a tag but Baba is able to cut him off. Ted eventually throws Dory out of the ring and Stan goes after him on the floor. Stan tags in and beats on Dory for a bit, but he even whips out the big flying body press. Ted and Stan tag off quite a bit and keep Dory as the face in peril. Stan scores a two with a jumping knee that Baba breaks up the pin with a stomp. Dory eventually fights his way to the tag and makes the hot tag. Baba comes in and works 3/4th legit on everyone with the chops. All four guys brawl out to the floor, which means you get your 80's All Japan non-clean finish as both teams get counted out. Post match Ted and Stan beat on Dory as Baba wields a chair with the stiffness of this site's favorite patrons. This doesn't work for long as Ted and Stan still beat up Dory some more and Stan kills one of the seconds with a lariat.

Stan Hansen/Ted DiBiase vs. Curt Hennig/Nick Bockwinkel

Nick starts the match with Stan and it's pretty even. Eventually Hennig makes the tag in and at this point in his career, he is the designated whipping boy. Stan feels all frisky and hits a drop kick on young Curt. Bockwinkel gets tagged in gets Ted in a sleeper hold before Stan breaks it up. Stan goes nuts and chokes

Bockwinkel out on the floor as the match breaks down with all 4 men fighting. Ted, who's roll is the guy who bumps and sells for his team, works with Nick. Hennig slams Ted's knees into the post and Nick goes for the figure four which is blocked by Ted. Ted misses a knee drop allowing Nick to get on the figure four which Stan breaks up. We get another break down segment where Curt throws in a top rope drop kick and some nice regular drop kicks. He fights off Ted and Stan, before Stan loses his cool and tosses Higuchi out of the ring for the DQ as he and Ted beat on Curt. All Japan at this point is pretty frustrating in that they weren't afraid to do the non-clean finishes at this point.

Ted DiBiase/Steve Williams vs. Al Perez/Wendell Cooley

Ted gets the mic and says he got it in the contract if they win, Al and Wendell will have to wear "rock 'n roll tights" saying they'll look like Aerobics instructors. Al and Wendell inform them that if Ted and Doc lose, they have to wear the tights. There's a great moment where Ted shoves Al and the ring announcer runs away screaming "Heyyy! Heyyy!" like a frightened kid. This starts out pretty even, Cooley and Perez get in a double drop kick early on Doc, but Doc and Ted fight back. Doc puts Cooley in a bear hug and Ted hits him with a double axe handle from the second rope. Ted and Doc continue to work on Cooley's back before he makes the hot tag to

Perez. They have the 4 way Brawl, Perez hits Ted with the flying forearm sending him to the apron. As he tries to suplex him back in, Doc pulls his leg out from under him and holds it so Ted can get the win.

Overall, the stuff is pretty good, but the All Japan non-finishes are sort of lame and the early WWF stuff looks like squash stuff up to the Patterson match.

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@#@#@#@#@# EMLL on Galavision, 5/15/01

(by Marcel Hille)

Greetings and salutations to all! As one of the two newest Death Valley Playboyz, I'm glad to be here and will try to live up to the high standards established in the pages of this publication. Some of you know me already and if not, you'll get to in time, so enough of the introductory stuff, there's wrestling to watch.....

Virus/ Valentin Mayo/ Mr. Mexico vs. Ricky Marvin/ Mascara Magica/ Solar I

And we're off and running from Arena Coliseo with.....some guys I haven't seen too much of. Well, Marvin, Virus, and Magica I've seen a bit of. Los Tecnicos come out to, of course, Ricky Martin. I'm digging Magica's Channel-37-at-3-AM tights here, but he needs to update the mask.

Primera Caída - Very quick, with los tecnicos going for a triple pin that has Solar and Marvin looking as if they actually do live La Vida Loca. Caída ends with a Marvin top-rope quebrada getting the pin on Mayo and a Magica full-nelson submitting Virus. Gotta keep the undercard moving, I guess.

Segunda Caída - Solar brings the matwork against the fashion-impaired Mayo. Friends shouldn't let friends wrestle in neon green tights with pink roses. Anyway, Marvin and Virus get in next, with Marvin looking very crisp on his flying, including turning a scoop slam from Virus into a nice hurricarana. This becomes a rudo caída, with Virus pinning Marvin with a Ligerbomb, Mayo pinning Magica after a Flying Armpit Drop, and Mexico getting this submission that's an Indian Deathlock with the free leg of the attacker hooking an arm, leaving Mexico's arms free to strike a most muscular pose. (Muscular Clutch? Your guess is as good as mine)

Tercera Caída - Virus and Marvin heat up their feud, Mexico ridiculously oversells a couple of slingshots, and Marvin and Magica give us highspots in the form of stereo topes. Match ends with Solar submitting Mexico with this Inverted double-underhook choke with a leg grapevine. Yep. Perfectly fine opening match to eat hot dogs and nachos to. And how can you not love a complicated Solar submission?

Mas Adelante...Gigante Silva, Gran Markus and a couple of Dinamitas in the same match? Yikes.

Zumbido/ Veneno/ El Hijo De Pierroth vs. El Felino/ Villano IV/ Villano III

I have no clue as to why the tecnicos bring out beachballs for the fans at ringside.

Primera Caida - El Hijo De Pierroth? He ain't good. He blows some heel miscommunication spots in a caída that ends quickly with Zumbido getting pinned off a Felino moonsault and a V-4 submission of Veneno off a double-chickenwing.

Segunda Caida - Very efficient as well. Pierrothito regains some points by using a nice splash to get a pin on Felino. I'm guessing a countout on V-4 seals the win for the rudos. Zumbido busts out a nice plancha onto V-III (Shown on replay, because it was completely AAAed the first time around. Yeesh.).

Tercera Caida - Nothing extraordinary, except for a small bit of Zumbido flying. Some horrible V-III punches, leading to a pin on Veneno, Felino with a BT Bomb on Pierrothito, a V-4 Atlantida on Zumbido, and we're moving right along here. Afterwards, the rudos take issue with each other over not getting the job done, but that doesn't lead anywhere. Eh, filler match, nothing special.

Gran Markus, Jr/ Apolo Dantes/ Mascara Ano Dos Mil/Universo Dos Mil vs. Tineblas Jr./ Atlantis/ Gigante Silva

The fact that this match is a una caída is proof of a kind and loving God. Atlantis starts, but apparently gets beat up in a spot that had to have been so bad that the TV crew spends longer than normal cutting away to a lady in the audience (quite a bit below the normal hot latinas that these guys seem to find before, during, and after every match, but considering the match, I ain't complaining). So Silva comes in and TONY! HE'S CLUBBERIN, TONY! Apolo does a great heel shtick, begging off and engendering a handshake from the big stiff before the requisite punch to the chest (Even going so far as to kiss Silva's hand. Blech.) Markus is the biggest Puerto Rico flag I've ever seen. Tineblas and Universo work a nice enough sequence, as do Atlantis and Apolo. Martinetes are then teased by both sides (like any sensible man would risk taking one from Silva). Match ends as Silva hits the devastating (ehhhh....) bottom-rope splash and gets the pin on Universo, as the rudos get a low-blow pin on Atlantis and a Markus-laying-on-top-of-Tineblas pin. Rudos win.....at least it was short. Universo and Silva then jaw at each other. The FF button is a glorious invention and at times can be the most important feature your VCR has. After commercials, we're back and Rayo De Jalisco is introducing his son to the world and giving him the Rayo Jr. Moniker. He starts out with a plain black mask but then is given the Rayo mask by his dad. Hugs, good feelings, he's given a sombrero, and it's all good until.....Entre los rudos! Universo Dos Mil leads the way, trailed by Mascara Ano Dos Mil, Blue Panther and Fuerza Guerrera (Blue and Fuerza are wearing a Half-Panther/Half-Fuerza "Dream Children" t-shirt that I really, really need.) Universo gives the new kid a ration of shit, slaps him like a good rudo and like a good tecnico, the kid responds with a punch that drops Universo, everyone gets to fighting, etc, etc. Father and son pretty much do away with Universo's mask, but he gets away before his face is truly revealed to the world. After some more commercials, Ultimo Guerrero unwinds with a game of chess. Per Tom's translation, I'll paraphrase and say that he asks his opponent to keep it down so he can

concentrate. Apparently he was concentrating too hard, as Satanico's face appears in Ultimo's king and starts taunting him (Tom says he was saying that Ultimo can say what he wants to about being an Infernale, but that he will always lead the Infernales because he has the true Infernal power. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Or something like that.....) Ultimo is suitably freaked about this.

Bestia Salvaje/ Emilio Charles, Jr./Ultimo Guerrero vs. Black Warrior/ Shocker/ El Satanico
Primera Caida - Everyone picks a partner and we're off and running here - Satanico vs. Guerrero (duh), Warrior vs. Bestia, and Shocker (with working boots on, I may add) vs. Emilio (with blond dye job, Bestia and Scorpio needed a new partner, I guess). Bestia dies first (and drops a fall) by taking the hanging-in-the-ropes guillotine from Warrior which only looked good because there were two guys setting up Bestia. Satanico and Guerrero brawl up into the crowd, bringing what looks to be a DCOR and leaving Satanico's team standing tall and looking like new Infernales - matching colors and everything.

Segunda Caida - Standard rudo caida; brawling and mask-ripping. Guerrero with a nice pendulum bronco-buster on Shocker. Rudos with a Flapjack and triple-dropkick on Warrior, then a Half-Crab with assorted kicks gets the submission. Guerrero then busts out a freaky-ass submission on Satanico for the caida (leg grapevined around his head, his leg doing a chinlock).

Tercera Caida - Guerrero breaks out the knuckledusters and waylays Satanico early. They get passed to Bestia, who does the same to Shocker. More brawling. Satanico and Charles brawl outside, until Satanico sidesteps a Warrior tope of high velocity, taking out the legs of the front row. Shocker then gets going again with Bestia. In a nice spot, Shocker grabs his leg while outside, screams at the fans to get moving (they eventually listen), and then shoves Bestia's leg into one of the mounted seats. He then kicks at the seat, kind of Pillmanizing Bestia's leg. We shift to the ring, where Satanico and Guerrero are back going at it. Satanico drops the straps (too bad there's no Memphis pop for that), and then does a couple of nice running neckbreaker drops. After some more mask-ripping, Guerrero decides he's had enough and the knuckledusters find their way to Satanico's ribs. Satanico sells, but the ref, who had been arguing outside the ring, only turns back to the ring to count his shoulders down.

As expected, the main was the best match. Nothing on the rest of the show was bad though, once you've fast-forwarded through/taped over/forgotten the Silva match.

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~!~!~!~!~!~ UPW - It's On (4/25/01)
(By Phil Rippa)

This is some pseudo real time reviewing going on as I downloaded this show of the net and am writing the bulk of it at work. I may or may not edit it. Smell the mistakes and babbling.

There is some mic work going on here but the house lights are down so I am not sure what is going on. Lots of challenges and shit being throwing about. APW vs. UPW. Blah blah blah. Future of UPW. Blah blah blah. Is there any indy fed that doesn't think it is the #1 promotion in the country? It's HORSESHU!!!! DADDY!!!! Let's move to the wrestling.

The Urban Outlaws (Marshall & Mike Knox) vs. The Ballard Brothers

Your Ballard Brother scorecard - Shannon sports the #23 jersey. Shane wears #1. Mike Knox is quite the Nise Bradshaw even getting his gait down. He also wrestles about the same too, which isn't too bad since I am an APA mark for some reason. Neat, quick match (five, six minutes max) with some high impact offense done by the Knox boys. The Ballard Brothers bump big and all is okay. Marshall Knox makes up for his goofy looking strikes with some tricked out suplexes. No real flow to the match and there was a top rope leg drop spot that took too long to set up but otherwise it was entertaining. A Full Worldwide point.

Smelly vs. "Shooter" Tony Jones

Hahaha, Smelly's wrestling inspiration was Dink. Boy, ain't that funny. Jones is all golded up as he is one half of the APW Tag Champs and he is the UPW So-Cal Champ. This, in-fact, is a So-Cal title match. On a slight tangent (and we here at the Death Valley Driver never go on tangents), I have starting to notice more and more that throwing a credible dropkick is becoming a lost art. Smelly throws a fairly inept one in this match and Mike Knox kinda flailed about in his attempt in the previous match. Now, I don't want to seem like I am just picking on the UPW guys – I have seen plenty of other people who can't throw a proper dropkick in other US Indy Feds and the WWF. I think this all goes back to the fact that more and more guys are learning how to properly break a table and take an unprotected chair shot than learning how to throw a dropkick and how to do a proper hammerlock sequence. Anyway, this match had quite the Thunderish feel too it. I mean when you have Smelly selling exhaustion – at least I hope he was selling – before either guy has a chance to break a sweat, the "This is the greatest match in the history of our sport" vibe starts thumping pretty loud. Smelly hit his finisher (The Uncle Slam) four minutes in and then Jones uses interference from Roland Alexander to nail a top-rope Belly to Belly for the win. Bleh match as this should have gone longer as they seemed like they could have had some nice basic wrestling sequences (which they started the match out with). Instead, we got some random brawling as filler till we got to the "hot" finish.

Insert promo that I didn't pay attention too here.

Insert Silver and Gold dance number thingy that I didn't pay attention too because I am at work and didn't want to get fired here.

High Impact (Prodigy/Andy Van Dam) vs. Manilla Thrillaz (B-Boy/Funky Billy Kim) vs. Los Cubanitos (Rick Reyes/Rocky Romero)

Damn you Paul Heyman! Damn you and your "Hey, let's keep sticking three teams in a match at once." Well, the good thing is that this isn't a ladder match and there are only two guys in the ring at once so it is a little more like a normal match. Ladies and Gentlemen, playing the role of Ricky Morton tonight will be Prodigy. And play it well he does as he gets his ass handed to him. I

really dig Los Cubanitos and they looked the best (especially Rick Reyes) as they did all sorts of neat old-school heel tags tactics. The best was the fact that they cut the ring into 1/3 as they prevented Prodigy from tagging out and they also kept the Thrillaz (which is something like tag team #45 for B-Boy) from getting a cheap tag. Of course, you can't have a three-way dance anymore without it eventually turning into a train wreck and the transition from fun little wrestling match to goofy spotfest was about .83 seconds. And the usual spotfest too as one guy does the tope; another does the top rope splash, etc. Since this was not an elimination match, the Thrillaz steal the win by catching Prodigy in a 3-D while everyone else was laid out on the outside. Enjoyable but three and four way dances are really becoming overplayed and one of my least favorite gimmicks.

Insert more skanky dancing that I ignored here.

The Definition of Pain (Bad Boy Basil/AI Katraz) vs. Hardkore, Inc. (Adam Pearce/Hardcore Kid) Hey, it's Scrap Iron Adam Pearce. I haven't seen him in awhile. Let us hope that he has improved. Meanwhile, the Definition of Pain is a fairly stupid name but so is the convict gimmick they are doing. Alas, you will never be entirely pleased with wrestling. Schneider already stole all the good jokes regarding the.... thing... that came down to ringside with DOP. Okay, I want to know right know what trainer started this whole "Let's teach the big man to do this jumpy kicky offense" movement. If I see one more scissor kick from a big shaven white guy, I think I will cry. It is kinda tough in to see if Pearce has improved wrestling against these two guys so I will reserve judgment for now. Hardkore, Inc. gets the victory as they damn near kill Basil with what I think could be called a Super Hart Attack. They should have been DQed when their manager attacked the ref but this ref obviously follows the teachings of Earl Hebner and the random DQ rule.

Oh Jesus, it's Josh Wilcox. That must means an angle is a following. And here comes Hardkore, Inc. (more specifically Pearce) to cause the ruckus and make me wish for an easier way to fast forward. Wilcox managed to mutter out one of the stupider things I have ever heard "I'm Josh Wilcox and you're not. It sucks to be you." What are we? 10 years-old and back in the school yard?

Insert Victoria bitching about having to wrestle Molly Holly here. Yikes, what's next? Is Mikey Henderson going to start reading selected passages from Great Expectations?

Keiji Sakota vs. Smooth Billy D

The long awaiting match-up as Billy D needs to get him some revenge for Sakota misting the ladies back in December. (Actually, they might have wrestled several times but for the sake of an opening I am pretending they haven't.) In addition, this is a #1 contenders match for the Internet Title. D reminds me way too much of Marc Mero for my tastes. Actually, he is closer to Rockabilly. This is a rather lackluster affair as D hits all the spots of the worthless WWF stars (ex: the Ho Train) and Sakota isn't ready to carry a match. Fairly forgettable.

G.A.Y. (Super Cute/???) vs. The Ultimate Army (Nathan Jones/Big John)

G.A.Y. stands for Gorgeous and Young. This is your standard Big guys squash the little guys contest. Jones and John sell for G.A.Y. for the opening moments and then spend the rest of the match just tossing them around the ring. Actually, I will be a little fairer as Jones does a real decent job selling for the little guys when called for. He even takes the super embellished broncobuster. (They do a gay gimmick – did you think they weren't going to do a broncobuster spot?) Meltzer ridiculously overrated this match but he is more of a mark for physique and crowd reaction than I am.

Insert diatribe by Frankie Kazarian and Nova here. I think Nova complained about not being listed on People's 50 Most Beautiful List. (Oh yeah, there was an E&C segment but you all watch Raw so you have all seen it.)

Donovan Morgan/Super Destroyer 2000 (APW) vs. Tom Howard/Horseshu (UPW)
Man, we so have justification to put Horseshu on the 500 now. He did the freaky neck breaker thingy that all the kids are doing nowadays. No problems with him. I am not impressed with Super Destroyer 2000, who very well could be Hercules Hernandez under the mask again. Another short match with a finish that comes completely out of nowhere. I found this particularly odd booking as you are trying to get over an interpromotional feud but yet SD2K is wrestling and the match is before the ladies match and goes less than 10 minutes. Alas, since I am not the booker, I will assume that there is some rationale for this madness.

Insert the dancers performing their second set here.

Prototype, complete with bad hair and tiny pants, comes out to pontificate on his lot in life. Damien Steele (who looks like Jerry Lynn's white trash brother) comes out and this leads to the beatdown of Prototype until Tommy Dreamer (Oh God) makes the save.

Victoria vs. Molly Holly

During this match, I have chosen to actually do my job.... and chat with Schneider.

Tommy Dreamer vs. Samoa Joe – UPW Heavyweight Title

Well, I guess I will have to watch one final Tommy Dreamer match. I thought the death of ECW would have put the nail in that coffin but I was wrong. This shouldn't be too terrible as Joe is a good worker and Dreamer knows his way around the ring – it is just that his body isn't physically capable of moving along with him. In some respects, this match was similar to the Dreamer/C.W. Anderson matches where if you have one solid worker who can carry the lion's share of the wrestling duties, Dreamer will stagger along and take the big bumps to make things enjoyable. For the amount of shit we give Dreamer, he knows how to work a match and with Joe (like he was able to do with Anderson) the focus can be on the wrestling instead of figuring out some way of getting into position for the 8763 foot New Jack dive. A fair amount of wrestling took place as they teased the use of a chair more than actually using it. They also broke only one table and they did it with a well thought out freaky sequence that ended with Dreamer taking an Exploder through a table in the corner. Dreamer continues to put over anyone and

everyone as Joe counters out of the Death Valley Driver and hits his Island Driver for the win. This will probably be the last good match of Dreamer's career. Good stuff all around.

New Evolution (Frankie Kazarian/Nova) vs. Edge & Christian

Well, I like Edge and Christian. I haven't seen Kazarian and I hate Nova so this should be interesting. This is actually your typical E&C match, just with lesser opponents (no offense to Kazarian but he isn't a Hardy, Jericho or Benoit and Nova isn't even a Dudley or one of the midgets dressed up a Dudley). There is some nice work as Kazarian is the face in peril while E&C work over the arm and do that dastardly heel work. (I still love it when teams do the hand slap to get the ref to thing they tagged.) Nova stands on the apron with the hair and oiled up body that say "I just fired Lou Pearlman." Of course, we overbook the ending seven ways to Sunday so that puts a big downer on the affair. Ref bumps, goofy chair spots and run-ins abound as Edge & Christian get the expected win. I know that some people (*cough* Meltzer *cough*) thought this was the best match of the card but I think it was the Dreamer/Joe match. This ending was way too on the far end of Sports Entertainment for my liking.

Kurt Angle vs. Shane McMahon - The Street Fight-Sicko Circus Act

By Tom Karro-Gassner and Phil Schneider

"Your total disregard of the human consequences is almost sickening. We were just talking about the DVDVR boys~! and their inability to appreciate wrestling as an art and not some sicko circus act."

- Randall – wrestlingrandall@hotmail.com

"Unlike WWF wrestling, the popularity of extreme wrestling is driven by the bloodlust of its spectators, who clamor for the participants to continually cut, hit and slash each other with all types of implements... Although extreme wrestling is rehearsed, it is nonetheless quite dangerous for its participants, who voluntarily subject themselves to bleeding wounds, many of them self-inflicted to keep the blood flowing."

- New Jersey State Assembly Bill 2304

Phil and me re-watched the "Kurt Angle vs. Shane McMahon Street Fight-Sicko Circus Act" a second time Sunday night. These are our thoughts after second viewing.

Match starts with Angle dominating for first minute, than Shane wins an exchange scores a leg takedown and an armdrag and than does an amateur ride on Angle. Shane's punches had that Bill Alfonso vs. Todd Gordon untrained stiffness thing going for them, not quite Marc Curtis vs. Randy Hales stiff. It looked like on slow-mo that Angle got cut on the leg sweep not on the punches, as Shane hit him with his forearm on the way down and bounced his face on the mat with his weight on top of him.

Angle then goes to par terre position and challenges Shane to mount. Angle controls completely. Really dug the punishing crossface attempts, Ross or Heyman should have got over

that being a legit way to hurt someone in the amateurs. After a 12 match series with Benoit, odd that Angle chooses this match to show stiff tendencies.

Angle goes to the par terre a second time at about the five-minute point in match. We really dug Shane's kick into wrestler in par terre. It is one of the great classic old school wrestling spots.

They then brawl to outside of ring as Shane dominates the next ten minutes of offense as we enter the portion of match where the crowd should have chanted "Money Mark! Money Mark!". Coolest spot of the match was definitely Shane's nasty armdrags into the ring barrier, very innovative stuff and looked very neat. Second was Angle countering the pinning attempts with great looking bridges.

The WWF ring apron is like Captain Caveman's body hair ---you just reach in and pull out anything. Also Angle really should have reversed the sharpshooter (which was early Rocky bad, as was the floatover DDT, Shane seemed to be doing an homage to crappy 90's Rocky) rather than just using the Kendo stick. It looked like Shane landed wrong on the SSP on the garbage can as he hit his ribs on the corner when he should have probably taken it on the middle. After missing the SSP onto the trashcan, Angle should have transitioned into power offense. Instead he just tossed Shane over the top rope (Shane needs to study Nigel Fairservice to learn how to do this properly) and then kicked Shane down the aisle. Seemed weak. Also ridiculous that Shane counters Angle with suplex, there should have been no point in the match where Shane outwrestled Angle. There were far too many.

The first suplex attempt through the glass was easily the rudest bump of the night, Shane lands on the top of his head right on the steel grate. He had to have concussed himself. Shane and the bookers were looking for this to be visually impressive but physically safe (even safer than the big falls) so he was wearing three shirts and god knows how many pants - little did he know. Angle adjust the second suplex to insure that it goes through the glass, by throwing Shane HEADFIRST, kind of an odd way to protect someone. Shane gets cut right above ear at the temple, which of course would kill him instantly if it were any deeper.

Angle then goes to overhead belly to belly through the second glass panel. When prop doesn't break, Angle decides to protect Shane from taking another headfirst bump to the floor on the belly-to belly. His strategy is to adjust so as to catch Shane's head flat on his own face to keep it from hitting the floor. Not smart. This is where I would guess Angle got his tooth knocked out, and apparently lodged in the back of Shane's head.

Angle tries another belly to belly this time this time keeping it a back bump but throwing with more force. Again panel doesn't break. Although the back bump into the solid glass was nasty, this time Angle rather skillfully catches Shane on the way down. After the third failure of the spot, Angle tosses Shane face first through the glass, at this point Shane is super bloody (all hardway) and Angle's back is approaching Yamakawa, especially after he falls down try to drag Shane (which may have been a planned fatigue spot, but he fell onto broken glass).

Ross comments on Shane's bloody face, saying that his father would want the match stopped. Heyman mentions that Mass Transit's dad wants it stopped too. They go back to the Ring and Shane is rolled in leaving a blood spot on the mat with what appears to be Angle's tooth in the middle of it. Angle then gives an agonized grimace where you can see his now Benoitish hockey smile. Truly one of the great visuals in garbage wrestling history.

About 24 minutes into the match at this point and Shane delivers an "Angle Slam" to Angle but Angle clearly has the momentum. The final spot has Angle placing a Balsa wood plank on the top rope (which was terrifying after all the previous hideous prop issues) Angle hits Shane twice with the already warped piece of wood. Mike Chioda shows some nice ring sense (the only person in this match to display any) by holding the board while Angle climbs up. Chioda seemed reluctant to do this, while a Nick Patrick would have jumped right on it (heck, Patrick would have kicked his leg through the glass panel to get it to break). Angle executes a pretty swanky Angle Slam off the top rope, with the extra spice of both guys landing on the broken glass chunks, which dotted the ring at this point. They show a close up of a defeated Shane McMahon and he has the thousand yard stare and apparently had blood in his left eye, Angle walks back from the ring and also has that John Matua look in his eyes. This is the point in the match where I am used to seeing Onita and his opponent each enter their ambulances.

"The Legislature further finds and declares that, because its principal purpose is to entertain by having its participants intentionally cause bleeding, or perform acts which reasonably could be expected to cause bleeding, extreme wrestling should be distinguished from professional wrestling. The emphasis on dangerous stunts that cause injury and bleeding makes extreme wrestling potentially harmful to its participants. Furthermore, the atmosphere of base violence and depravity that prevails at an extreme wrestling event has a deleterious effect on children and young adults. Moreover, the liberal bloodletting that characterizes many extreme wrestling events constitutes a public health hazard not only for the participants, but also the spectators. For all of these reasons, extreme wrestling should be subject to strict State regulation. Because the creativity of those who seek to profit from vulgarity cannot be underestimated, the State Athletic Control Board should be given a proper amount of latitude to regulate the attendant excesses of extreme wrestling that presently exist and that could be incorporated into extreme wrestling events in the future."

New Jersey State Assembly Bill 2304

If it weren't for the visuals caused by the missed spots and failed props, this would have been a poorly booked and booked too long money mark match. Meltzer said "Angle was phenomenal here" but Shane appeared to be calling the match (very loudly) and Angle really showed a failure to improv properly and his decision-making skills were pretty poor. Very fun but very not good. The WWF could have really used a crowd killing match before main, too bad they fired Chyna.

A MILLION BILLION STARS~!

&~*&*~*& FMW Kawasaki Dream - 5/5/01

(by Phil Schneider)

Hey, hey it's FMW, a promotion which combined the brilliant booking of Vince Russo and Rob Black and mushed it together into a generally incomprehensible mess. They still got some decent wrestlers and they don't usually fuck up the matches too much. although the booking is usually really, really stupid. Although to its credit, it is stupid in a very Japanese way and the foreignness of it makes it slightly more endearing then the Russo US version - plus the matches are longer then three minutes usually.

Ricky Fuji/Makita vs. Morita/Yoshito Sasaki

Basic rookie match, and considering the caliber of wrestlers in FMW you really don't want to try to watch their rookies work. Ricky Fuji, despite being around for a zillion years, was not appreciably better then the trio of emaciated trainees.

Shinjuku Shark vs. Tarek Pasca

Hey its ex-IWA Kentucky Indy sleaze ball Tarek the Great working a kick boxing match against some guy with a huge sideways fro. They spend most of the match doing Michinoku Drivers and moonsaults, which I am pretty sure are not strictly allowed by K-1 - though I really haven't watched any K-1 since Andy Hug died so I am not up on any rule changes. Tarek the Great got fat.

Hisakatsu Oya/Flying Kid Ichihara/Tomomi Tanimoto/Survival Tobita vs. Azusa Kudoh/Naohiko Yamazaki/Kaoko Arai/Original Ape Virgin

WORST SURVIVAL TOBITA MATCH EVER! None of the cool whimsy and bizzaro intensity of the Satima work, this had very little Tobita and lots of lame ass catfights and wacky transvestity antics. Hisakatsu Oya is as pathetically out of place in this match as Dean Malenko was working mixed matches with Asya. Oya is a heck of a worker and he needs to run to All Japan and work undercards with Kim Duk because this shit is well beneath him.

Ricky Banderas vs. Chocoball Mukai

Banderas is an oiled up Quinones towel boy, who has the IWA PR title. The people who hang out on the Puerto Rican Wrestling Message boards claim we severely underrated Banderas in that little DVDVR 500 the Canadians are always talking about. Well this may not be the best match to judge his rasslin ability as he is matched up with kicker gimmick porn star Chocoball Mukai (who gives a whole new and very dark meaning to the term shootstyle). Bandaras takes an S&M approach to the whole match, by potatoing Mukai like Chocoball wandered into a Gregory Dark film. Mukai tries some kicks or something, but is basically unprepared for the beating he gets. I think it was pretty shitty of Ricky, personally. So Mukai isn't as skilled a wrestler as him - big deal. I would like to see Banderas deliver that consistent money shot like Mukai can.

Ayako Hamada/Akino vs. Kyoko Inoue/Emi Motokawa

Basic joshi tag match. Kyoko is just enormous now and is approaching a "mother in Who Ate Gilbert Grapes" level obesity. Hamada and Akino wrestle a very lucha style and this was

workrate joshi, which is my least favorite kind. Perfectly acceptable wrestling for the most part, very professionally done, but the kind of match that disappears from your consciousness three minutes after viewing it.

Kintaro Kanemura vs. Mammoth Sasaki

This was a WWF style hardcore match and was a very poor man's Rhyno vs. Test. Both guys took some bumps and hit each other in the head a lot, but there were big sections where they looked like they were going to accidentally kill each other. Kintaro is getting to be almost Tommy Dreamerish in his body degeneration and goofy filler matches like this are going to lead him there quickly. This was entertaining enough, but far from actually good.

Goemon/Onryu vs. Super Crazy/NOVA

NOVA comes out in full gay prostie gear - leather pants, oiled up physique he looks like he is going to sell Goemon some amyl nitrate. I never really got the Super Crazy hype and he just looked awful here, as did everyone. Just a terrible match with everyone being off, blowing spots and just looking bad. NOVA actually looked like he connected on his punches a bit, but he still has the same sort of overproduced style, like an Andrew Lloyd Webber play or something. Every movement was too big like a Star Search Dance performance. His facial expressions were playing to the back of the auditorium and his selling was all out of wack. I kept expecting him to bust out jazz hands. Onryu tried, but this was a clusterfuck and he isn't the worker that is going to reel it in.

Genichiro Tenryu vs. Kodo Fuyuki

This match has a ton of history as both guys were part of the Revolution stable in All Japan in the late 1980's. The match is reffed by fellow stablemate and gambling debt casualty Ashura Hara. Tenryu is on quite the elderly hot streak and this was the best match on the card. Both guys worked really stiff, with Tenryu chopping the sausage off of Kodo, and Fuyuki throwing some very nice lariats. Fuyuki even broke out the fat man plancha. This was similar to the Tenryu/Kawada match in style (although it wasn't nearly as good of course) as it was the protégé taking it to the old master and trying to beat respect into him. Fun stuff although they had a ref bump and run-ins to soil it a bit.

Hayabusa/Great Sasuke vs. Tetsuhiro Kuroda/Mr. Gannosuke

I watched this match with tomK and watching it made us both miss classic Onita. Onita is half the pure worker that these four are, but he really knew how to work a dramatic and effective Explosion match. He had that weird super charisma that few performers at any level have, and without that the whole gimmick seems stale. There were some decent individual spots in this match, including a nasty Great Sasuke Tope Con Hilo, which smashed him and Kuroda into the exploding cage, but they never built the explosions with the sense of drama that they had in Onita matches, and the wrestling wasn't nearly good enough to make up for the lack of intensity. I just never got into this match at all, and it was a real disappointment from the four best workers in the promotion.

~!~

시시시시시시시시 EMLL on Galavision, 5/22/01

(by Marcel)

And we're back! We get started pretty well off the bat with....Bon Jovi? "Bad Medicine" leads Fuerza Guerrera, Black Warrior and Dr. Wagner Jr to the ring. Cool, this should be good.....wait, why's Apolo Dantes with them. An 8-man match? Okay, who are they fighting? Waitasec.....FUCK!

Fuerza Guerrera/ Black Warrior/ Dr. Wagner, Jr./ Apolo Dantes vs. Hijo De Lizmark/ Brazo De Plata/ Gigante Silva

Again, a una caida. Again, Thank God. Super Porky starts by doing very bad things to Wagner's ring jacket and he then treats us to other comedic stylings. Various big man/little men stuff, this only gets decent when Porky and Silva get roughed up outside, leaving Hijo De Lizmark to mix it up with los rudos. He's doing okay until Wagner catches him with UN FOULE! Which the ref doesn't see. He does however, see the mask-ripping, which gets the rudos DQ'ed. Learn to appreciate the contours of your FF button. Back from commercial, and it's a profile on Silver King and Dr. Wagner Jr. I want that glove.

Bestia Salvaje/Zumbido/Emilio Charles, Jr. vs. La Fiera/Mr. Niebla/Negro Casas

Well, Zumbido isn't a Guapo or anything, but at least he fits in what with his blond dye-job and all. Plus, he went along with the use of the Backstreet Boys for theme music. Shocker comes out and gets in the Guapos' face. Per Tom's translations, I'll paraphrase and say that he's basically telling Bestia that if he wants to reform the Guapos without him, that's fine, but it'll never be the same without the true Guapo. Hey, Silver King's wearing jeans. Another paraphrasing has Silver King saying how pissed he is at being so far down the card for a guy that's wrestled around the world and that he refuses to wrestle in this match. Mr. Niebla takes umbrage with Silver King for leaving the tecnicos a man down and a producer gets involved because SK screwed up his show format, then they compromise and Niebla hits the ring to back up the tecnicos.

Primera Caida - Zumbido and Fiera start. They've got their working boots on, and Zumbido dies for us right off the bat with a Jerry bump. Fiera dominates the rudos and Casas hops in and lands a nice dropkick right to Bestia's face. Zumbido comes in and fares no better, eating a dropkick to the knee and La Casita for a pinfall. Niebla then closes out the caida with a handspring shoulderblock on Charles for the pin. They cut away to a lighted section of seats in the back with fans with signs, confetti, etc acting wild and crazy and looking like they're having fun. This is where I imagine we'll sit if we ever get down to Arena Mexico as a collective. Before we're thrown out for trying to pick up the ring girls, that is. Speaking of hot ring girls, there's another one now. Yowza.

Segunda Caida - Zumbido starts this fall by dying for us, too. Two falls, two Jerry bumps. Gotta love it. Bestia and Casas get in the ring and Bestia starts laying in these kicks to Casas. He gets pissed and responds with a lariat and another dropkick right to the face. Yowch - gotta love nice stiff strikes in a lucha match. Zumbido springboard dropkick onto Niebla ends the fall for

him. Bestia “connects” with a tope atomico on Casas to pin him, and a high back bodydrop and elbowsmash on Fiera takes us to.....

Tercera Caida - Rudos dominate for a bit, then it evens back up. We see Casas and Bestia chopping the crap out of each other, Zumbido eating Fiera’s foot, and then his whole body, as Fiera gets some air with a tope. Mr. Niebla catches Charles napping and ties him up in La Nieblina. This, combined with Casas hitting the knee dropkick/La Casita combo on Bestia, wins the match. BTW, anyone got Silver King footage from the Dominican Republic? Back form commercials, and Los Nuevos Infernales (Hey, that’s what they still call themselves. Galavision, too) visit the doctor. Doc must be a big lucha fan - he’s got lucha masks past and present. The doctor comes in and then updates Tarzan Boy and Rey Bucanero on their injuries. The guys then commiserate amongst themselves. Don’t have Tom to translate here, but I’ll assume that their healing is progressing nicely and that Guerrero will do bad things to El Satanico for them. Hey, speaking of which...

El Ultimo Guerrero vs. El Satanico

Primera Caida - Guerrero jumps Satanico before the bell, which leads to him dominating a brawling rudo caida. Not much to see here - a dropkick and a cradle hold (with feet on the ropes) gets the win for Guerrero.

Segunda Caida - Satanico has a beef with the ref, which allows Guerrero to jump him from behind. More brawling, with Satanico getting an advantage outside. Satanico beefs with the ref again, Guerrero jumps him again. You’d think he’d know better, being such a grizzled veteran and all. He gets the advatage back soon enough, though. Uninspired stuff here. Satanico gets the win with reversing a back bodydrop into a hurricarana.

Tercera Caida - Mask ripping, brawling. Satanico sneaks UN FOULE! past the ref, but not the Instant Replay. Guerrero goes for the moonsault, but hits nothing but mat. Guerrero regains the advantage and goes for the reverse superplex. As I debate whether Satanico’s gonna actually take this bump, he pushes Guerrero off and gets a near-fall with a second-rope senton. Man, no pop at all for that. Guerrero takes a Jerry bump to the outside, leading to Satanico running the ropes and.....cuidado, Cuidado, CUIDADO! Satanico flattens Guerrero with a 53-year-old Tope Suicida! Man, gotta admire his even trying that, much less connecting with it. More mask ripping, more brawling, and Satanico bumps the ref when he tries to break it up. And hey, here’s Tarzan Boy coming down the aisle. Satanico leaves the ring to jaw with him and then, as if on cue, here’s Rey Bucanero coming from the other side to show Satanico just how well his arm is healing. One Orton Lariat, and they’re putting the boots to Satanico. Shocker comes out to run Rey and Tarzan off. Looks like the ref has had enough, and he waves the match off.

I dunno. Tercera Caida was all angle-tastic and whatnot, but it was kinda lacking in the actual wrestling department before that. Wasn’t bad or anything, but I was expecting more. You still need to see Air Satanico, though. Last two matches make the show worth watching.

PRIDE 13

(by Mike Naimark)

Welcome back to the Wonderful World of Beatings, where you can be sure every individual on our list is 125% legit and nobody sells kicks that miss by 6 inches. Nope, the only thing that being sold here is the best in mixed martial-arts, and today we'll be taking the slow boat to Japan for MMA's premiere showcase for top talent, the PRIDE 13 show from March 25 of this year! All the top names are in attendance for this capacity crowd in the Saitama Super Arena, including former UFC champion Mark Coleman, former King of Pancrase Guy Metzger, and some guys named Vanderlei Silva, Igor Vovchanchin, Vitor Belfort, and Kazushi Sakuraba, who probably have a championship or two to their credits as well.

Vitor Belfort vs. Bobby Southworth

You all know Vitor Belfort, the fast-punching Brazilian who exploded on the MMA scene with lighting-quick knockouts of Scott Ferrozo and Tank Abbott before packing on an extra 20lbs of deltoid and being clobbered into submission by Greco-Roman stud Randy Couture at UFC15. Since his shocking loss, the so-called 'Tiger Woods of Fighting' looks to have returned to his Rio roots, dropping the extra bulk and even eschewing his greatest asset, his dynamic punching, for a more methodical ground-based assault. Consequently, his most recent matches (against Daijro Matsui and Gilbert Yvel in PRIDE) have been surprisingly torpid time-length affairs, especially if you were expecting the kind of explosiveness that allowed Vitor to defeat tonight's PRIDE main-eventer, Vanderlei Silva, in less than a minute in Brazil. But more about Vanderlei later; Vitor has a green American in the ring to deal with at the moment. Bobby Southworth has only a handful of fights coming into this match, winning his most recent against Toby Oberdine at the IFC Warrior's Challenge, but comes from an amateur boxing background. They two men dance briefly before Southworth offers his first punch. Vitor flurries briefly, but Randy Couture showed the world how to negate that as Southworth dutifully circles to Vitor's left and keeps his hands up. Another right by Southworth and they clinch – Southworth briefly gets behind Vitor but no Brazilian is going to be outgrappled by a boxer! Vitor manages the takedown and lands in Southworth's guard. Southworth struggles briefly before giving Vitor his back, but even though Vitor has been training in Brazil with such jiu-jitsu luminaries as Mario Sperry and Murillio Bustamante, well, Vitor ain't no Mario Sperry or Murillio Bustamante. Southworth gets back to his feet but Vitor is up almost as quickly and bulls Southworth to the corner before taking him down again. Now Vitor unveils his recent specialty, the ground-n-pound from Southworth's guard. Vitor makes no effort to pass the guard or improve his position, throwing occasional punches and scooting Southworth around the ring until Southworth thinks he sees an opening and attempts to buck Belfort off of him, using his feet against Vitor's hips. Vitor twists away and before Southworth knows what's happening, Vitor has his back on the ground. Quick as a flash, Vitor sinks the rear-naked choke, and Southworth taps out immediately.

Winner at 4:11 and climbing back into prominence with a win over a total unknown, VITOR BELFORT!

Guy Mezger vs. Egan Inoue

Guy Mezger is a former King of Pancrase and holds a chokeout win over current UFC Middleweight champ Tito Ortiz. But what I'll always remember him for is his UFC4 debut as an alternate against Jason Fairn; both men sported long, flowing locks and clearly spent hour after grueling hour brushing and shampooing their silky tresses, so it was only natural that they agreed not to pull each other's hair in the UFC. Too bad Kimo didn't know you could make such a sissified 'gentlemen's agreement' (Fairn suffered even greater indignities – he was invited to compete at UFC12 and accepted, but withdrew as soon as his opponent was announced. Who was the killing machine that made the creator of Fairn Jiu Jitsu turn yellow as the water in the kiddie pool? Former WWF wrestler Tony 'Ludvig Borgia' Halme, who was promptly choked out in a minute by Randy Couture). Metzger has really elevated his game since then, fighting out of the Lion's Den and developing his striking to compliment his improving submissions. Egan Inoue is the brother of well-known MMA star Enson Inoue who holds a tap-out win over Randy Couture in Japan. Both men trade hesitant leg kicks early before Egan initiates the clinch in the corner. They grapple standing until Egan breaks off with a crisp right hand. Egan tries to follow up, but gets off-balance after a missed punch and eats a Mezger right cross that knocks him briefly to one knee. Egan tries to force the action, but Mezger catches him again charging in and clocks him with another straight right. Inoue staggers backward but Mezger pursues the rubber-legged Hawaiian and catches him flush on the chin with a lunging right, sending Inoue crumpling to the mat. The referee immediately stops the fight, and the groggy Egan offers no resistance.

Your winner in a mere 2.5 minutes and sporting a stylishly short haircut, GUY MEZGER!

Heath Herring vs. Sobolev Denis

Herring represents the new breed of American fighter who combines the supreme conditioning regime of the freestyle wrestler with the ground-based submissions of a jiu-jitsu player and the striking of a western boxer. It would not be too hyperbolic to say that Herring shocked the entire MMA world with his overwhelming demolition of the 290lb wrestling legend Tom Erikson at PRIDE11, knocking Erikson around with his strikes before choking out the massive freestyler on the ground. Just to show he isn't such a thuggish goon after all, Herring has dyed his tuft of hair and goatee a calming shade of mauve, which looks just FABulous matching with his pink wristbands! Herring's opponent, Sobolev Denis, is the reigning Russian Special Forces MMA champion according to the announcers. As he walks to the ring, Sobolev shouts something in Russian to the camera, which I jot down on paper in hopes of asking my Grandfather for a translation after the fight. Herring charges out with a gingerly-thrown front kick before shooting for the double leg. Sobolev sprawls, but Herring is relentless and ends up with side control. Without any hesitation, Herring reaches over and grabs Sobolev's right arm, cinching down with an absolutely frightening keylock. Sobolev taps out almost immediately; I later determine that his Russian comments translate to: "I represent Russian Intensive Performance, and I'm here to show that R.I.P. rules, and all others Rest in Peace!". What, you think I could make that up? Before you answer, I announce your winner in a mere 22 seconds, HEATH HERRING!

Dan Henderson vs. Renzo Gracie

Renzo returns after his outstanding effort in a loss to Kazushi Sakuraba in PRIDE 10. Renzo, always the fightingest of the Gracies, jumps right back into the fire against Dan Henderson, an outstanding Olympic-caliber wrestler who has shown remarkable progress as a boxer since his MMA debut in Brazil at the 1997 Brazil Vale Tudo Open. Renzo remarks that since that fight, his biggest MMA moment was choking out his daughter's first boyfriend for sitting in his favorite chair the previous month. So let it be noted – if you're dating a Gracie daughter, sit on the floor and be gracious about it. Henderson misses a wild right hand but sprawls beautifully to counter the Gracie shoot. Back on their feet, Henderson shows frightening hand speed, but doesn't connect. Gracie shoots again but gets caught in a Henderson front headlock until he rolls to his back. Henderson allows Renzo to get back to his feet, showing respect for Renzo's jiu-jitsu as well as his own confidence in his developing boxing abilities. Henderson counters another shoot with a sprawl followed by a kneestrike on the ground. They return to their feet and circle slowly until Renzo flurries with wild and ineffectual hooks. The two men circle and Renzo shoots yet again, but as he drops his head Henderson catches his flush with a short right hook; Gracie is out before he can even hit the ground, with Henderson landing one more shot before realizing that Gracie is finished and backing off. Dan Henderson looks outstanding in a dominant win over one of the most respected ground fighters in the world. Your winner at a mere 1:40, DAN HENDERSON!

Mark Coleman vs. Alan Goes

Ahh, Mark Coleman, the Neckless One himself! After a dominant start winning titles at UFC 10 & 11, the MMA world suddenly solved the musclebound master of the 'Ground-n-Pound', resulting in consecutive losses to Maurice Smith, Pete Williams, and Pedro Rizzo. Coleman redeemed himself with a strong showing at the PRIDE Grand Prix, beating Akira Shoji and an exhausted Igor Vovchanchin to find himself back on the top of the MMA mountain. Alan Goes is an outstanding guard-based Brazilian jiu-jitsu fighter who holds wins over such distinguished fighters as Carl Malenko and Vernon White, as well as draws against Frank Shamrock and Kazushi Sakuraba, but he's giving away a good 40+ pounds to Coleman. Even though Coleman is obviously slimmed down from his UFC bulkiest, he's still a freaky looking mound of muscle with a neck larger than his head. Goes opens with a pair of flying kicks, both of which miss but fire up the crowd. Goes sees an opportunity for a single-leg and makes his shoot, but lets be honest about the chances of a 180lb Brazilian taking a 240lb world-class freestyle wrestler to his back with a single-leg takedown. Coleman sprawls and lands a pair of brutal body shots as Goes furiously tries to get Coleman in his guard. Coleman grabs a strong front headlock and immediately launches a furious kneestrike then lands with viscous force on Goes' head. One more kneestrike and Goes goes limp, but 'The Hammer' continues to throw the deadly strikes until the referee pulls him off. As Coleman celebrates, Goes regains consciousness and dives after Coleman's legs; he doesn't even know what hit him! Coleman is visibly resisting his natural urge to clobber the dazed Brazilian as both corners empty to separate the fighters. Coleman celebrates, the veins on his tongue protruding visibly and his eyes grotesquely distended in his traditional salutation. Winner in only 1:20, MARK COLEMAN!

Masaaki Satake vs. Tadao Yasuda

Satake is a former All-Japan K-1 champ, so it's a given that he can throw the blows that break the nose. His opponent, Yasuda, is a former sumo and New Japan competitor who has trimmed down to a svelte 285lbs for this fight, easily outweighing the 218lb Satake. After a night of quick fights and brutal knockouts, I guess we were due for a stinker like this one – Yasuda repeatedly bull-rushes Satake, and Satake keeps backing up until he hits the ropes and gets clinched. The fight continues in this vein as the minutes slowly tick off, Yasuda keeping Satake against the ropes with his bulk, and Satake unable to throw any strikes of consequence. Satake doesn't help his cause by being unable to figure out that circling helps defuse the straight-on rush. The first round, lasting 10 minutes, was thusly uneventful. The following round, lasting 5 minutes, was even worse. The final 5-minute round was so stupefyingly stuporific that the only positive comment I can make is that after the fight is over, a tall man wearing a bizarre lucha mask featuring an enormous banana-shaped rubber chin enters the ring and works the crowd. Wait a minute, that's no hideously grotesque mask! That's Antonio Inoki! He looks just as thrilled by the match as I was. The judges give the fight to Yasuda by split-decision, but nobody deserved to win this match.

Igor Vovchanchin vs. Tra Telligman

Telligman, the one-pectored fighter out of the Lion's Den, is substituting for Ken Shamrock, who was forced to withdraw from this match due to injuries incurred during training. Shamrock accompanies Telligman to the ring here, sporting enormous sideburns that probably have him on the Honkey Tonk Man's 'ass-whipping' list for ripping him off. Igor Vovchanchin is a mighty striker who has inflicted some of the most frightening knockouts in MMA history and owns two dominant winds over the monstrous Mark Kerr in PRIDE. With short arms and legs, Igor throws heavy, thudding strikes that somehow always seem to find their mark, sending unfortunate chumps to the mat in a heap more often than not. The first thing you notice as the men stand nose-to-nose in the middle of the ring is how much higher Telligman's nose is than Igor's. At 5'9 240lb, Igor is built like a Port-A-Let, while the 6'2 220lb Telligman has the chiseled physique of a classical Adonis. Before the fight, UFC Middleweight Champ Tito Ortiz makes an appearance in the ring. Tito is presenting a bouquet of flowers to Tra Telligman and another to Igor! Isn't that adorable! The fight starts with both men circling, Igor opening the action with a whip kick and Tra trying to follow up with some punches. Igor lands a quick right off a lazy whip kick from Telligman, and follows with another right. Telligman tries to press the action with punches, but Igor slips artfully and follows with some wide shots of his own. Igor lands a left hand lead and follows with a strong right kick to the body, but even before the referee can say anything, Igor steps back and bows in apology – the kick was low (unintentionally), and Igor's sportsmanship is unquestioned. Igor takes his yellow card warning with a smile and walks over to apologize to Telligman in person before the fight restarts. The two men trade heavy shots in the middle of the ring, and out of nowhere Telligman lands a hard left hook that forces Igor to clinch. Igor tries one of his trademark lunging right hands, but Tra counters perfectly with a crisp short left that staggers the Russian! Tra follows and gets a takedown on Igor, and here we see that Igor's legs are so thick and stocky that he can't even close his guard around Telligman's waist! Igor holds on from the guard and collects his senses as Telligman is unable to press his advantage. Telligman finally backs out of the guard and allows Igor to regain his feet, and Igor throws a front kick that lands him straight on his own butt, thanks a lack of traction. Telligman

quickly leaps into the guard and resumes his low-impact offense as the round expires. The second round opens with some hesitant stand-up, neither man wanting to risk leaving an opening his opponent can capitalize on. Igor is the more aggressive fighter, but Telligman is doing a fine job defensively. Telligman connects with a lead left and eats some body shots as he clinches before tripping Igor up and landing in the guard on a takedown. Telligman works the ground-n-pound to little effect, while Igor is surprisingly passive in this position, especially considering his domination from his back as a striker against Mark Kerr. The bell quickly rings as time expires, and we're left with one final 5-minute round in this fight. Telligman opens Round 3 with a quick takedown, and he's back in the half-guard. Igor tries an elevator to reverse position, but can't quite rotate his hips enough to flip the taller man. Telligman lands some short punches, but Igor is doing a decent job on the bottom, landing rabbit punches and body shots. Eventually Telligman backs out of the guard and allows Vovchanchin to regain his feet, but before any real offense can be initiated, the time expires. The very fact that Telligman was still standing at the end of the fight has to be considered an upset, given Vovchanchin's outstanding record, and it's an even bigger shock when the judge's decision comes in as a unanimous one in favor of Telligman! On a mere two weeks notice, Tra Telligman, who entered this fight with a mediocre MMA record just over .500, walks out of his match with a win over one of the most feared heavyweights in the world. Igor goes back to the drawing board, and I'd hate to be his next opponent now that his pride has been wounded, but for tonight Tra Telligman has beaten 'The Man', and basks in glory well-deserved.

MAIN EVENT – Kazushi Sakuraba vs. Vanderlei Silva

Quite probably the two best 200lb fighters in the world today meet in the main event, and the only other man who might claim membership in this group, Tito Ortiz, once again reprises his role as a flower girl for the fighters, even going so far as to kiss Sakuraba on the cheek when presenting the flowers. Flowers, kisses; if Tito had a box of chocolates, he could've gotten some play tonight. Sakuraba is coming off of one of the most fantastic runs any fighter has ever had, beating Royce Gracie, Renzo Gracie, and Ryan Gracie in three fantastic fights to end 2000. Vanderlei is an outstanding Muay-thai based fighter with knockout power in both hands and brutal destruction on both shins. Silva opens with a jab and quickly backs Sakuraba up with a short flurry of straight punches before landing a glancing kneestrike as Sakuraba spins away from the ropes. Both men trade punches, missing all of them until Sakuraba lands a wild right hook that takes Silva down to one knee as the crowd erupts with cheers! Silva grabs Sakuraba around the waist and regains his senses with a short right cross followed by a kneestrike out of the neck vise. Sakuraba returns fire throwing wild flailing punches, a recipe for disaster against a seasoned and experienced striker like Silva. Vanderlei covers up and explodes out of his defensive crouch with a thunderous right hand and lands on Sakuraba's forehead, knocking him to one knee. Silva quickly presses his advantage by grabbing a front headlock and firing a hellacious kneestrike to Sakuraba's head! Another kneestrike lands and Sakuraba manages to stand up, only to meet a flurry of straight punches that render him groggy and take the starch out of his counterpunches. Silva grabs the neck vise again and throws another crushing kneestrike to the head, and Sakuraba slumps to the mat. Silva steps back to fire a kick to the head, but Sakuraba grabs his ankle and tries desperately to take the feisty Brazilian to the ground, but Silva will have none of it and fires back with another kick to the head as Sakuraba

tries to duck away from the deadly strikes. Silva is still standing and throws a low round kick that almost lands as Sakuraba again tries to grab an ankle from his huddled position on the mat. Silva begins to drop hard, focused knees to the back of Sakuraba's neck, landing two or three before Sakuraba rolls on to his back. Silva lands one final kick to the head of the supine Sakuraba, and the referee stops the fight to save the Japanese hero from further punishment. Vanderlei Silva stepped into the ring with one of the hottest fighters in the world and emerged with a win that looked as easy as it was dominant. Some people will note that this PRIDE event added a new rule which allows strikers to kick and knee fighters while on their hands and knees, a rule change which clearly favored Silva. However, as I noted in a previous column, allowing the striker to throw knees to the downed fighter makes a grappler think before flopping on the ground for a takedown; removing the ban on these strikes from PRIDE will only serve to make fighters more versatile as new techniques are developed to allow grapplers to work within this framework. The fewer the restrictions, the more valid the result. Silva simply had Sakuraba's number, but Sakuraba is too skilled of a fighter not to learn from this defeat and return a more rounded competitor.

Once again, PRIDE delivers the goods with some stunning upsets and brutal wins featuring some of the top names in all of MMA. Old-guard champions like Renzo Gracie and Alan Goes showed that the era of Brazilian dominance is waning, while fresh young fighters like Heath Herring and Vanderlei Silva seem poised to make major inroads in the sport in 2001 and the grizzled veteran Mark Coleman manages to stay on top of the sport for the immediate future. With rumors of the UFC returning from its PPV hiatus in North America, MMA continued to progress and captivate audiences worldwide, and we at the Death Valley Driver will continue to deliver heaping helpings of fighting goodness to your monitor unless Mark Coleman kicks my ass for making fun of his neck. Until Jon Hess gets abs of steel, so long until the next time!

@#@@#@#@@ AAA - Galavision 5/22/01

(by Marcel)

Welcome to the forgotten corner of Lucha Libre. Let's take a look and see if anything's actually worth watching here. The show proper opens with Angel Mortal and Mr. Condor chatting it up with an interviewer, and are joined by El Gallego. This would be Los Diabolicos, and this leads to.....

Mr. Condor/Angel Mortal/El Gallego vs. Alan/Dennis/Billy Boy

Los Diabolicos contra Los Barrio Boys - here we go. The Barrio Boys look like three Rey Misterio Jrs here.

Primera Caida - Brawling. With plunder, even - the Boys' skateboards give the rudos an advantage to start. Big Powerbomb by Angel Mortal on Billy Boy gets the pin and the caida. Moving right along.....

Segunda Caida - Brawling, brawling, brawling. Mr. Condor attempts a belly-to-belly suplex that doesn't turn out too well. More rudo beatdown. Angel Mortal's kicks are anything but. Condor

misses a turnbuckle charge, which gives Alan and Billy Boy a chance to miss stereo planchas. Dennis gets beat on for a bit by Condor, who then telegraphs a back bodydrop. This lets Dennis take a quick advantage and get the pin and the caida with a rolling cradle.

Tercera Caida - The rudos have had enough and decide to take a powder. Unfortunately, they come back. Angel Mortal really isn't good here, half-assing it on taking bumps, etc. The Barrio Boys are trying, with a Poetry In Motion on a running Gallego, but they then go into a pretty contrived triple team that ends with Condor taking a skateboard ride to nowhere. Would have helped if Gallego took those bumps correctly. Rudo ref and tecnico ref argue over an UN FOULE! that Condor hits on Alan. More heel beatdowns, and a standing Figure-Four on Billy Boy by Gallego with an armwrench by Condor and a....stepping on the shoulder by Mortal gets the win.

Eh, the Barrio Boys aren't horrible or anything. Los Diabolicos are. Especially Angel Mortal. You really don't need to watch this.

After commercials, we go to the AAA Command Center, when Alebrije and his mini Cuije wear hideous costumes. Oscar Sevilla has a few words for us. We then see Hijo De Perro Aguayo allegedly take El Martinete from Abismo Negro and Electro Shock. So much daylight, my skin turned two shades darker.

La Parka Jr./El Zorro/Mascara Sagrada/Sangre Chicana vs. AAA Mosco De La Merced/Histeria/ Maniaco/AAA Psicosis

Primera Caida - Chicana and Maniaco start, but it becomes a brawl pretty quickly, then a full-blown rudo caida. Maniaco drills himself doing a rolling senton to pin Parka. Psicosis and Mosco can't get Sagrada over on a double-hip toss. They hit it, then a Mosco moonsault pins him. Zorro tries, flipping out of a Monkey Flip and throwing a decent-looking kick on Maniaco before the rudos overwhelm him and pin him for the caida.

Segunda Caida - More rudo beatdown. Parka takes a chair to the face, assisted with a kendo stick. Zorro turns a Psicosis charge into a back bodydrop, a bump that Psicosis doesn't take right. Yikes. This sparks a tecnico comeback - Zorro with a chair, Sagrada with the kendo stick, and Parka with a ball bat. Hey, now it's a tecnico beatdown. Sagrada contributes with an over-the-ringpost Tope Atomico. Zorro gets a pin on Psicosis with a sit-out facebuster to take the caida. Whoops, that Tope seems to have hurt Sagrada - doesn't look too bad, though.

Tercera Caida - Well, this seems a bit backward; the third fall actually starts off as a wrestling match. Sagrada's going here, so he isn't hurt too badly - he is favoring the leg, though. His sequence with Mosco is...eh. Zorro tags back in, and so does Psicosis with the kendo stick. Zorro manages to regain the advantage and is definitely the best worker in this match. Parka tags in and runs through his shtick, aping some of the original's stuff. It's just not the same. Chicana gets into the act, nailing Histeria with a Head-to-Head Tope Suicida! What's with the old guys and the Topes this week? As I enjoy the totally unexpected highspot, Pirata Morgan does a jog-in and attacks Chicana with a chain. While this goes on, the AAA camera crew

AAAs the tecnico side getting laid out and pinned, coming back just to see Zorro get pinned and Pepe Casas raise the hands of Los Vipers. Yeesh. And if that wasn't enough, it's more AAA IS AAA, as El Cobarde does a jog-in to attack Morgan. A replay then shows the tecnicos getting laid out - second-rope facebuster on Zorro, UN FOULE! on Sagrada. Chicana gets stretchered out at the end.

Well, I want to see more Zorro to see if he's actually good or was just the best worker in that match. And I'm curious if Chicana is busting out Topes in other matches. That's about it, though. And avoid Los Diabolicos at all costs.

An Excerpt from "A Head For Business"

by Tony Gancarski

July, 1984

Fayetteville, NC

"When Uncle Paul came home from Vietnam - " and here the Son of Sam paused for dramatic emphasis, baring his full complement of 25 teeth as he wringed the padded shoulders of the sky-blue polyester jacket of Oscar Latham, the interviewer and host of Carolina Championship Wrestling's one hour syndicated weekend show - "there were no parades."

As always happened during the Son's interviews, the camera started zooming in slowly. The effect was to scare, to have the interview feature at least one peak image with the home viewer seeing nothing but the Son's pores.

"Uncle Paul had no parades when he came home from Vietnam! Of course, he couldn't have walked in them anyway - he had no legs! He had no legs, no prospects, no future! Just a wild look in his eye and a bad habit of kicking over coffee tables and calling his sister - my mother - a honky ho!"

The Son of Sam slumped to the floor, his back braced against the collapsible Carolina Championship Wrestling set backdrop. The cameraman shot him from above. The effect was that of a black silhouette against a burgundy backdrop; abstract, almost moody.

"And now everyone's got demands on the Son! Stickboy Latham, arms like potato sticks, dead in five years from corrosive senility Latham, whispering to rent-a-cop security over here , "Oh, please, Mistah Man, please Mistah Si ' Dollah and Hour, get the Son of Sam off my set - his sweat is dripping off his back! His sweat, his New Jersey trash sweat, ruining my good china! All over the backdrop!" His voice gradually rising throughout Latham's purported Mammy speak, dropping to a low, wistful whisper again towards the end.

"Everyone wants a piece of the son," the Son of Sam declared. The camera was trained on a long, thin scar ambling down the flesh of his cheek.

"The Flower Child wants me because I took a sledgehammer to the windshield of his microbus - well, that's payback son! For spitting on my Uncle Paul!"

Silent tears coursed out of the Son's eyes, glistening off the stubble and the scars of his face, making every anomaly seem like a blessing. "And the Carolina Patriot. Love it or leave it you say. If I don't like Carolina Championship, I can leave. I don't like America, just go. But where to?"

Where does the Son of Sam go? To the vo-tech? Does the Son of Sam study at the Sorbonne? Not with a missing ear, he doesn't! There are not dates for the Son. There are no jobs waiting for the Son! Just match after forgettable match, cages and Russian chain matches. Barbed wire matches - oh, and Fred 'The Milkman' Powell, my last barbed wire opponent, my condolences and my fervent Hopes for a speedy recovery, Fat Boy!"

The camera had faded to pitch black. This was by design, by the Son's request. There were no lights in the studio either. The audience might as well have been waiting for extermination. Even in the shadows, one could hear Oscar Latham scuttling for safety. Latham was a professional, and he knew his announcer's schtick; to represent a sane cowardice, to provide the backdrop, the trees and sky which framed and complemented the smoking guns and the wasted bodies in his midst.

"There's nothing for the Son, except a Flower Child to destroy. To deflower," and the Son grinned, sticking his tongue through the gap that once housed his front teeth. "But you are luckier. You are friends, close friends with Titan Manning. Close friends with Rob Patterson. Why aren't you on the cartoon, Patriot? You could be Manning's waterboy, Patterson's right hand man. You could get paid to work six minute matches and lie down for Titan's boot and legdrop combo."

The crowd booed, but the timbre of the boo rang uncertain somehow. Again, the Son of Sam had defied expectations. Had perhaps gone too far, told a little too much truth about what professional wrestling was in certain instances and could be in others. The Son of Sam had pushed the envelope. Again.

"You could be famous, Patriot! You could do guest spots in Stallone movies! It could be you!" The Son panted excitedly, fumbling around in a bag for something. "Turn the lights on! Turn all the lights on! I can't see!"

The room became, or perhaps seemed to become because of the darkness, as bright as a interrogation cell in a late-night movie about hardened city cops or about ruthlessly cunning soldiers. The audience squinted, practically en masse.

"Look at this, traitor pathetic loser patriot no-skills loser!" The Son of Sam was talking frenetically; foamy spit flew from his mouth into the cameras. "This is my Rolodex! See? I got

Rob Patterson's phone number, Titan Manning's phone number! Come on down, Fat Boy! Make that call to Uncle Rob! Tell Uncle Rob, 'Oh, please sir, I'm ready to sell out now sir. Please write my script. Please tell me what to say. Put me on the cartoon. I'll suck."

The Son punted the CCW backdrop, toppling it flat on the ground. He hurled the Rolodex in front of him, and it made a glancing blow against the main camera. "Boy, let me tell you something! When you play with the Son of Sam, you play hardcore, and you play for keeps!" He started whinnying, squealing at a frequency that might have made dogs howl in front of their masters' TV sets in Raleigh and Greensboro. The Son of Sam started gnawing on the microphone's head as the trumpeted fanfare (major key, big band) of the show's theme began playing in the control truck and in TV land. The show was over.

After showering, The Son of Sam, a.k.a. Wendell Thorn, a thirty-two year old man with a Master's in child psychology, sat down with Wally Tennant, his newest employee, in a claustrophobic room in which the lights were the extremest halogen and everything reflected a dingy off white – the refrigerator, the formica table, the tile floor; even the chairs, which were gray metallic, were rendered vitiated and white by the room's overpowering motif.

"Let me be up front with you so we have no misunderstandings," Thorn said, then swigged from a two-liter bottle of blue Nehi. "This talent exchange was not my idea. Wampum put asses in seats. You and the no-show - Bauman - will undoubtedly cause people to chant boring and to visit the concession stand during your matches."

Wally stared down at the ground, a desolate smirk - if there can be such a thing - on the corners of his lips. He was one hour removed from a sleepless night on a Greyhound bus, a trip in which the only saving grace was a blowjob from a local high school girl in the Fayetteville bus station. She was trying to save up money to go to beauty school. Or for a winter coat. Or something. It was twenty dollars put to good use though, as Tennant rode in relative comfort the rest of the way down to Fayetteville, his head propped up against the shoulder of a morbidly obese woman in a mu mu, whose hand fanning provided no immediate relief on the unairconditioned bus. From his summer selling women's clothes at a department store in Jacksonville, he judged her to be about a women's size 40.

"I'm sorry about Bauman, Mr. Thorn." Hodel had instructed Wally to call him Mr. Thorn, even though he was, what, six years older. It was a sign of respect, Red said. In his delirium, though, Wally had to bite his tongue to keep from laughing.

"You're damn right you're sorry, Wally. You two were a package deal. 'Fire and Ice' - God, does Hodel come up with some corny shit."

Wally bit his tongue again and laced his knuckles together. He didn't want to react visibly to Thorn. Hodel had warned him that Thorn would bait him, to make sure he could be trusted. The game was full of secrets, full of bluffs.

"And to think. Red Hodel, the pillpopper himself, tells me that he 'reckons' I can use that gimmick for you if I want. That shit don't fly north of Tampa, Wally. It's predictable. It's boring."

Thorn paused and reached into the breast pocket of his Guayabera shirt for his wallet. A smile brightened the corners of his mouth. His voice faded to a whisper, exaggerated in its confidentiality.

"Wally, I'm a family man. Look at this picture. This is my son, Bobby. Bobby's eight and lives with his mother. But I see him now and then."

Wendell Thorn lifted up his Nehi and held it out towards Wally. Tennant shook his head.

"I spent the weekend with him, what was it, two weeks ago? And Bobby loves watching me on TV - he knows what it is, I wouldn't have him believing most of the shit that's out there - and he loves buying the mark mags." Thorn chuckled and belched softly. "Cuts out the bloody pictures, the Puerto Rican shit especially, and pastes it to his bedroom wall."

"Anyway, we saw the 'Fire And Ice' writeup. And my son, my Bobby, made me proud. My boy started laughing. At you. At Bauman. Those pissant tights, you with the flame going up your ass and him with the icicle where his dick should be."

Tennant's knuckles went white. He'd sent out autographed 8x10 glossies to his high school wrestling coach of Bauman and he in those tights.

"As homoerotic as anything since the Gomer Pyle show. And you, my boy, playing the bottom. Damn, damn, damn." Thorn covered his eyes with his interlocked fingers and started rocking back and forth on the edge of the chair, all the while chuckling softly.

"Let me say it to you plainly, like I said. Perhaps old Ice had the right idea when he didn't show. Now Red mentioned a drinking problem that boy had, so maybe he's just binging on a Trailways on his way to Vegas or something. You two were supposed to be a package deal - and boy, did I have some great angles for you two - but your partner's gone AWOL. You have no idea where he is?"

Tennant slowly shook his head. He thought about what Mr. Panhandle had told him about the Carolina circuit: you work in front of twenty thousand people six nights a week and end up eating raw potatoes because you don't get paid jack shit. You work bottom card angles and get nowhere.

"Well, we'll have to play it that way. Red Hodel screwed me over, I guess. Here's the deal and you can take it or leave it: we have a lot of masks and a lot of bodysuits, but not too many workers. Everyone's shelved - knee injuries and broken whatever. You are shit to me right now, Wally, and I say that with all due respect. Headlining that backwater Tampa shit is nothing.

Red Hodel put that belt on himself a couple years ago, he's 136 years old, and no one even thought twice about it. You haven't proved nothing yet. Not yet, Wally."

!~!~! Windy City Wrestling (Aired 9/13/00 – Taped God Knows When)
(Rippa)

JIMMY CHRISTMAS! There is like a 19 hour Windy City Dancers do a Robert Palmer dance number to start this thing off. Okay, I what I am guessing here is that this was actually from the 80s and it was just rebroadcast. I mean when you are talking about Peggy Lee Leather and Rockin Robin. Plus, everything has this old Crockett Production feel to it.

Lisa "L.A." Starr vs. Susan Street? Supreme? Green?

Who freakin' knows? Though my money is on Green. Starr has this giant Bass player from Winger mullet going (what is the correct term for a female mullet? ferullet?) Anyway, just picture every three minute Wendy Richter vs. Sherri Martel match that you have ever seen. Now just add on a ref stoppage due to head injury and you got your match. Actually, Green does a nice little blade job due to a belt shot and that is what stops the match. That was.... different.

The Dream Warriors (Screamer & Brood) vs. The Dynamic Duo (Dave Wilson & Matt Shepard)
The Dream Warriors are from "Beyond Elm Street". I miss the goofy home towns that wrestlers used to use. Anyhoo, the Dream Warriors are a very, very poor man's Powers of Pain. They run out and maul the Dynamic Duo, getting themselves the automatic DQ. The whole story is that Screamer & Brood – being the tag champs – are insulted at the competition that is being put in front of them so they snap. Not really any wrestling, but fun for the angle and beatdown.

The feed cuts out here so I am still puzzled. Does this have anything to do with the Windy City Wrestling that currently runs out of Chicago? Is this like a Classic show? I couldn't find any affiliation on the Windy City Web Page. Dammit – I want answers.

AA

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!There's no turning back now- I'm under attack now- I see the skies are open
And I hear the word spoken- SINGLES GOING STEADY You only perceive
what you believe- You need only believe to believe- What do you know?- What do you know?

+++++

Minoru Tanaka vs. Takehiro Murahama - NEW JAPAN (4/20/01 - Tokyo, Korakuen Hall)

(by Dean Rasmussen)

Japan is having this giant string of great Juniors matches by all these new faces. Here, NJ Jr' s new saviour- BattlARTS product, Minoru Tanaka- and tiny legit shooter Takehiro Murahama have a 100% nouvelle BattlARTS Junior match- which is basically the new style that is sweeping the nation, as these things look all new and exciting to the big crowds because the only one's who have seen the style is the 45 people at a gym in Osaka that frequent a BattlARTS show (or some other North Carolina amoury style place that BattlARTS would always

run). The basic idea that Tanaka brings is the slick and tricky shootish matwork that builds up to even more fucked up and tricked out submissions that peppered with gigantic highspots. The major difference this match and the usual BattlARTS junior match- Tanaka vs Fujita, Tanaka vs Hidaka, Hidaka vs Junji.com- is that striking is first and foremost- because the beat the living fuck out of each other- and they REALLY do. You need to see it. Murahama is truly Emmanuel Lewis-sized but he'll kick ya right in the face and will take a kick right to the face right before doing a perfect tope con hilo just to piss you off Lucha style. We're all familiar with what Minoru Tanaka brings to the match. They start straight to the mat after a fun little kicking section and time killing foray into New Japan roperunning shoulderblocks. Murahama goes all carney with the Triangle Hold that Minoru turns into the Counter powerbomb and Minoru goes for his Triangle Hold. Murahama does the SUPERDICK crossface and we all weep for the beauty therein. Minoru Tanaka then shows you why he is the artsiest wrestler in alllll of Japan as he does the German MORTAL~! that fakes into a kneebar that is motherfucking brilliant. Then they get all kindsa tangly as they work a double carny leglock into a Cross-Armbreaker attempt into a counter into a kneebar. Then they start punching each other in the face until Murahama hits a halfcrab that Minoru rolls through into an ankle lock. Then they start punching each other in the face while fighting for the ankle lock- JUST LIKE IKEDA AND ISHIKAWA. This is becoming THAT much fun. They kick each other until Murahama blocks and does the coolest application for the STF. Tanaka makes the ropes and gets up flustered. Murahama goes for a headlock and Tanaka hits the GNARLEY Backdrop Driver and Murahama does my favorite sell and rolling out of the ring- allowing for credible selling without the stupid kickout. Murahama gets back in the ring and FUCKING NAILS Tanaka with a kick and a two count. Murahama starts crushing Minoru's tiny skull with kicks and gets him on his feet and does one of those Kensuke Sasaki judo armdrags into a keylock into a Cross-Armbreaker that Minoru sells like a Pro Wrestler should sell a CAB. Murahama further works on the arm by hitting that aforementioned Top Con Hilo. CROSSFACE CHICKENWING IS PROCURED~!! Minoru is pussin out to the ropes too often and it bothers him. Murahama does a fat leg lariat for two. Minoru crushes his tiny knee with a dropkick and then hits the lucha-esque Rolling Kneebar until Murahama makes the ropes. The crowd POPS~! to some nearfall shenanigans- with Murahama Yamazaki-ing a kick to the head into a German With A Bridge. Murahama paistes him a few times and hits the ropes to allow Minoru to CRUSH his skull with a spinning jumping crescent heel kick. Minoru and Murahama do the Ultimo Dragon triple toprope corner headbutt escape spot that I have adored since way back. Minoru does the BAT-BAT 01 thing of GETTING THE HARDWAY COLOR, DADDY! by headbutting Murahama to the mat to set his Missile Dropkick and a Released German to set up the fullblown and inescapable Cross-Armbreaker for the win. Folks are touting this as a possible Macth Of The Year and I wouldn't say that because Murahama's selling is a odd at points in the match, but it is really fucking good. U WANNIT!

James Mason/Brett Como vs. Shiryu II/Solar – Michinoku Pro (Taped 12/15/00, Aired 12/21/00) (MARCEL)

Match starts off on a bad sign for me, at they shtick it up to start. Awwwww, Solar can't get his pants off. Solar and Como start out and have the initial feeling-out sequence - Solar keeps it simple, and thus Brett's able to keep up with him. Mason (British carny-style mat-wrestler that we in the DVDVR love) tags in and ya know, I've watched quite a bit of the pro wrestling and a

worker has to be pretty damn good if he can make me shout out, "What the fuck are you doing?" This is, of course, in reference to James Mason's armtwist escapes and knucklelock-based offense that has Solar and Shiryu trying to keep up. Shiryu just tries to add in a highspot here and there, loses points for a very gentle Swinging DDT, but quickly regains them with the Pantera Tope-Con-Hilo-to-opponent-laying-on-the-floor. I love that spot. Mason then decides to take it to the air for a bit, with a nice rolling senton and a handspring backplash that was....there. Slight groan spot for me as Solar and Shiryu looked to have been going for a stereo spot, but Shiryu does a dropkick and Solar went for a monkeyflip, which led to Solar standing on Mason's hips for a couple seconds while everyone looks at each other. They try to cover it up, but I've groaned by then. At least they tried to kill themselves right after with the topes into the chairs. Como, who had been pretty quiet to this point, then chimes in with a good Doctor bomb and a nice over-the-ropes Springboard Moonsault. Now, in a match that has Solar and James Mason, you have to expect dueling submissions at some point, and they get it going here, with Solar bringing a reverse pendulum (head swings behind opponent as opposed to in front of), and then a hammerlock that has him getting up close and personal with Como (This would be the Tantric Hammerlock, I guess.). Mason is not to be outdone, as he starts off with a Stump Puller, (you know, where it's theorized that an erection on the part of the attacker digs into the back of the opponent's head, forcing a tap-out) but then ups the ante by falling back into a pinning position. I wait for the announcers to call it the Erect Clutch, but no dice. Shiryu fails to impress me, dropping a weak flying elbow. Mason and Como try to bust out the double-teams, and the first one works fine (Como with a bodypress onto Shiryu, who's on Mason's shoulders), but the second one doesn't (Mason lifts Como into a hurricarana on Shiryu, who's seated on the top rope), and needs Shiryu's assistance to keep it from being blown. Como then tries it himself, rolling out a sky-high Shooting Star Press that doesn't fully connect. Finish comes shortly thereafter, as Mason tries to dropkick Shiryu, who grabs the legs and goes for the Boston Crab, but Mason rolls through and rolls up the furry-masked one for the pin. Not the worst way to spend 14:21, if only for the Mason stuff. Do yourself a favor and get some more of him on tape.

Ryuma Go/Jesse Barr vs. Bruise Brothers –Championship Wrestling USA (October 1992)
(by Tom K)

YEP IT'S RYUMA GO IN PORTLAND!!!! This was part of the CWUSA International Tag team tournament. It was built on a points system. I'm not sure whether this was worked points system or which of these teams actually wrestled in Portland. But at time of the match Heavy Metal (Max Steele and maybe Horace Silver - who knows?) was leading with 70 points, followed by the Bruise Brothers with 55, than the team of Ryuma Go and Jesse Barr, Takasugi and Motegi (cause you can't have a tourney without Motegi) , Los Infernales, Kelly and Nick Kiniski, Mike Winner and Billy Two-Eagles (quickly becoming my third favorite Native American worker), a Samoan team (where one of the Samoans looks Italian) and a team that I can't make out. I'm guessing that Winner and Two-Eagles vs. Los Infernales would be the best possible match-up to watch. But I don't know how many of the actual match-ups happened since you can earn points by beating other teams not in the tourney. If anyone has other matches from tourney please contact me. It's the CWUSA, so Sandy Barr is your ring announcer, Sean Barr (with a beautiful permed mullet that the heels always pull on) is your referee, Jesse Barr is wrestling

and most of the advertisements are for businesses with the Barr name. The angle that sets up this match is that the Bruise Bros had injured C.W. Bergstrom (Jesse's occasional partner) and so Jesse Barr brought in a special enforcer tag partner to take on the Bruises. And so we have "special enforcer" Ryuma Go in Portland. And a "CWUSA TV Main Event" of Ryuma Go/Jesse Barr vs. Bruise Bros. C. W. Bergstrom on commentary says what we all are thinking, "I think this would be a main event anywhere". The Harris' spend the beginning of the match outside the ring while Go challenges them to get into the ring. "I've wrestled Semitic Alien Hillbillies and Multicolored Mummies, your vomit inducing lack of nipples don't scare me." The former Heartbreaker Don Harris enters ring not sure what to make of Go. Go backs him into corner and works a headlock. He then works the headlock some more. Go then works the headlock even more. They take it to the mat and it's Harris vs. Go on the mat, with Go working a leg. Go controls on the mat in the typical Go style. Ron Harris tries to break this up but is unsuccessful. The Portland crowd responds the way a crowd should respond when confronted with Go vs. Harris matwork. Go continues to work on Don's leg for SIX MINUTES. SIX MINUTES of my life spent watching Ryuma Go vs. Don Harris on the mat. Six minutes I will never get back. Thank god Go was in their with Don and not Ron. Jesse Barr thankfully tags in and takes Don back down to the mat and actually entertains me working the mat with Don M'F'ng Harris. Jesse Barr is one of the good overlooked workers of the last 20 years, and his work is so tight and credible that the contrast between him and everyone else in the ring is overwhelming. The announcer says we have run out of TV time and I feel like I'm watching Georgia wrestling again, then they say Harris boys have won the match and give us a couple minutes of post match Harris mic work. I don't get it. I thought they ran out of TV time. And the most annoying part is that no one pulled Sean Barr's hair. That's what you get from using the Harris brothers instead of the Semitic Hillbilly Space Aliens. They would have pulled Sean's hair.

Colonel Up Close vs. Danny Vegas – NWA Mississippi

(By Rippa)

This is will be all sorts of weird and fun as I review this in a pseudo real time (which means I will probably go over this several times but it will still look like I wrote it with two minutes left before Mr. Suchy told me to put our pencils down). On the Internet. FROM WORK! I am wild! Colonel Up Close is the face here and he looks waaayyyy too much like Ian Rotten for my tastes (actually like Ian Rotten after he has played a few hands of Deal A Meal with Richard Simmons). Someone comes out – possibly Vegas, possibly a manager, maybe the commissioner (awww crap – I am going to have to watch this again). Okay, here comes Danny Vegas. Hey, he comes out to Viva Los Vegas. And he is wearing a mask but I can't make it out due to the poor streaming video. Insert NWA Battle Zone opening here complete with commercials for pawn shop. I love indy wrestling. Jesus, I guess this match ain't going to be long because there is only about 7 minutes left in the streaming feed and I am still looking at Big Shirtless Ron. God Damn – that is the greatest ring outfit ever as Danny Vegas with mask in the white Elvis jump suit. Lots of cheating by Vegas. BTW, what is the Colonel a Colonel off? Oh, I get it. Special evil ref with neck brace in this match. He was the guy at the beginning yammering on. It is all starting to come together now. And here comes the run in already. Hey, that is Big Don Brodie. Wow. I watched him in two ungood matches against Stone Mountain back when we were doing the

500. This was craptacular. But NWA Mississippi does have Tommy Rich and Doug Gilbert as a tag team. Actually, I will let you form your own opinion about that.

Great Kabuki/ John Tenta vs Tiger Conway Jr./ Pez Whatley - 9/2/89- ALL JAPAN:
(Dean)

You gotta love All Japan Classics. They will throw this baby right up there on the same show with the Malenkos vs the British Bulldogs without even blinking and it's THAT kind of balls-out randomness and slack-assedness that folks of our generation respect in our or Japanese all wrestling channels. You can find great wrestling out of Japan anytime. You can find a match like this once or twice in a lifetime. This match had flaws. Tiger Conway Jr was tagging with Steve Kiern when they won the Mid-Atlantic titles over the Anderson Brothers in 1974 and I notice that he can actually work in the light of day of actual videotape. John Tenta seems like a genuinely nice guy in that interview on Wrestlecrap and I have seen ALL of the Tenta vs Kitoa matches so I think I have run out of mean and nasty things to say a while ago so I am here with love in my heart for the big Canadian former Sumo. Kabuki looks happy to be in the ring with the old guys who are acting all funky like old guys at a wedding reception dancing to a 4 Tops cover act funky. Even then back in 1989. I remember. Anyway, Kabuki and Conway lock up and Tiger wiggles out and gets all funky. Kabuki tags out and Tenta comes in to face a Complete Jivetone Struttin' Pistol. Collar and Elbow and club across... the chest... and Tiger Conway....he....he...jumps on the both of them....because Tenta was doing the strongman spot and they dance on Tenta's prone gigantic body... Tiger Conway does the shoulderblock. Yes, he does the... the shoulderblock... yes... the shoulderblock shoulder block the..... shoulder.... blockkkkkkk....bloooo.... Professor Marvel remembers like it was yesterday, instead of ten years down the line when he dismounted from his wagon upon reaching the wrecked remains of the house. Henry and Emma were hand in hand, stoically receiving their reward for a life of stoically taking whatever horror the good lord would visit upon them in this hellish dustbowl existence- where they were blessed to endure all this, to test their mettall it seems, for a greater reward in the great hereafter. The mortal remains of the three anonymous farmhands were snapshots of terror as they each still had the look on his face of seeing the end before it arrived and knowing the terrible truth- as the low pressure exploded the door as they tried to hold it against the path of the whirlwind. Marvel wondered about the girl who had visited him and whom he had sent back here to her home. The horror of finding her remains strewn amidst the rubble of the tiny farmhouse filled him with a sinking dread as he moved the planks away from the cellar opening. He remembers what he did find- a young girl broken and cut, gasping for life as he rushed her to his wagon and to the doctor. He sat with her for six days as she was unconscious until she finally came back to the world of the living- but she was not well upon her return. Her fever dreams were vivid and colorful. She would rant and rave until the doctor could sedate her- as she would be screaming of evil witches and flying monkeys and robots with axes and hideous living scarecrows. Marvel thought about the worst part- having to tell her that her family did not survive the storm, that whatever little bit she had held dear in her world was complete taken away. Maybe he should pack up and let the Kansas authorities break the news and try to use its resources to rebuild the poor girl's life. He knew in his heart where this would all end up if he didn't intervene. He had walked away before in his life. Marvel was 45 and had a 25 year old daughter back East in Baltimore- living with her mother, the first of his two loveless

unions. Lacking the strength to endure such a situation, and not having the courage to settle up above board- like a man that he was taught to be would have done, Marvel did muster the courage to leave a note when he left in the middle of the night and would randomly send money to his 12 year old daughter when he could spare it. A life of rambling and misery, trying to sell wares to people who could not afford milk, much less hairbrushes, brought him to the horror of the dustbowl where he chanced upon the original Professor Marvel- an aged bunko artist who was masterful at soaking the rubes and masterful at knowing when to get out of town in time. Marvel was sleeping in a makeshift tent somewhere in Missouri, trying not be choked to death by the clouds of dust. He was too young to be coughing like that and his eyes had been dead for so long that the Original Marvel wondered what kind of basic human instinctual drive for survival made the pathetic salesman even make the effort. The original Marvel saw this pathetic hairbrush salesman and pitied him.

"We're alike, young man."

"Go away, sir- I have no money for your potions..."

"We're both pariah- hated by all eventually. It's just a matter of keeping the truth from raising it's ugly head. I'm hated because I have no REAL supernatural powers and my snake oils and tonics are of comical true medical value. You sell brushes of flimsy construction, sewing materials of dire quality, pots and pans unfit for felons and..."

"Yeah, great, we're both swindlers and swine. Why don't you move along..."

"Fair enough. A man with no pride is no man. Why don't you sleep in my wagon tonight? It's the least a scoundrel can offer a fellow scoundrel."

"What are trying to pull? Why don't you leave me alone, old man. Don't I have enough to contend with without being pitied by a soul as lost as mine."

"You're gonna die out here. To hell with that, get in my wagon. You obviously don't want to die or you would have found a more ornate way of doing yourself in."

Marvel laughed a mirthless laugh as he faced the truth of the situation.

Too tired to argue, Marvel accepted the offer and made his way up the back of the wagon. The Original Marvel gave Marvel an old blanket from a large travel trunk and Marvel found a place on the floor and fell to sleep, using an end of the old blanket as a makeshift pillow.

The next morning, The Original Marvel had made coffee and offered Marvel a biscuit out of a tin. Marvel took the cold bachelor/widower breakfast and he tried to hide the fact that- for days- he hadn't eaten anything that civilized man would consider proper sustenance.

"Haven't eaten in a while."

"Yeah. How could you tell? Cheap magician trick of noticing that a man sleeping in a ditch may not be doing so well?"

"I am Professor Marvel. I could tell it in your eyes. Your eyes tell me everything about you."

"That's carnival hooey. You can tell all that by the way I'm dressed and the way I'm eating. Not to argue with your kindness, sir, but spare me your act and save it for the rubes."

"The superficial aspects of you are in your appearance, your eyes tell me the truth of your soul. I actually have quite a skill! Let me show you."

"I can't argue with my mouth full of your biscuits, kind sir. Have at it."

The Original Marvel looked into Marvel's eye like a mechanic looking for a clue to the problem with a motor. "You are running from something, something that fills you with immense shame.... something... something.... You have done something that repulses you to your very core.... if it were another man who had done this and you had learned of it, you would spit in his face."

Marvel tried to remain stoic as the Original Marvel's words tried to reveal the horrible truth that he himself never wanted to think about, much hear as words from a man he had never met before.

"Anything I say will help you along in your little parlour trick. What do you want from me?"
"That was enough." The Original Marvel knew that he had all the clues he needed. With resignation, he drew a breath. "You have abandoned your...."

Marvel- filled with shame and anger- looked at the Original Marvel and spat it out. "Daughter. Fuck you, motherfucker...."

TO BE CONTINUED....

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NEXT TIME: Maybe that gay British stuff. Maybe some more Internet Wrestling. Maybe some Apartment Wrestling. Maybe a Wrestler of the Issue. You will just have to wait and see.

"Well, Homer, I won your respect, and all I had to do was save your life. Now, if every gay man could just do the same, you'd be set."

- John sums up the situation in "Homer's Phobia"

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